

HANNA

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Based on the film Hanna

Ep 1 draft 2 for TV

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1 **EXT. COUNCIL ESTATE. EASTERN EUROPE. NIGHT.** 1

An industrial town in Eastern Europe. The year 2002.

A bleak concrete world. Grey high-rises, a sprawl of Soviet-era housing.

A dog barks. Kids cycle by half-burnt out cars. Desolation and decay.

TITLE: EASTERN EUROPE. 2002.

2 **INT. ERIK'S ROOM. COUNCIL ESTATE. EUROPE.** 2

In a room in the estate, a man sits on his bed. Tattoos on his arms. He is 26 years old, handsome, lean, ex-soldier, a loner, a hard-man.

On a desk in front of him sits a revolver.

He stares at the revolver. Sweat trickles down his neck.

He takes out a piece of paper. An Operation Order from Utrax Securities, from someone called M. Wiegler - Order for Permanent Solution - Johanna Heller.

And there's a photo attached. ERIK stares at the photo of a young woman. Beautiful. 23 maybe. One of life's sufferers.

He breathes deep. Pain in his eyes.

Then he tears up the order in rage.

He smashes the walls of the room. Real violence in him, years of frustration pour into his fists.

Then he stares in the mirror.

And moves.

He packs a bag.

He clears the apartment of all evidence that he exists. He burns documents. Burns personal effects.

No sign he was ever there.

Then ERIK grabs the bag, sticks the revolver in his pocket and walks to the door.

3 **EXT. EUROPEAN TOWN. /INT. ERIK'S CAR.** 3

ERIK's car passes through the night of this broken industrial town. WHORES and ADDICTS on the streets. Smashed up cars. Rotten factories, abandoned homes.

Smog and smoke, pollution and poverty. This is the detritus of post-Soviet Eastern Europe. And it's not pretty.

ERIK drives through and out into the woods beyond.

As he does he takes out his mobile phone. 2002 Nokia. He makes the call.

4 **EXT. WOODS OUTSIDE THE CITY. SOMEWHERE IN EUROPE. NIGHT.** 4

ERIK HELLER's car drives up in the night. The woodland around him is wild. The distant howl of wolves.

ERIK drives the car deep into the bushes until it is covered completely. He checks the dashboard and the glove compartment - yes they're empty.

He gets out the car and throws the keys.

5 **EXT. WOODS OUTSIDE THE CITY. SOMEWHERE IN EUROPE. NIGHT.** 5

ERIK walks through the darkness. He checks his bearings with the night sky. The soldier.

Then he sees it. Distant lights.

Electric fences.

ERIK carefully takes his bag, and buries it in the undergrowth. Takes a marking.

Then he walks through the woods towards the lights.

6 **EXT. SECURITY PERIMETER CELL 5. CONT.** 6

ERIK walks out on to a track that leads towards a SECURITY PERIMETER.

There is a GUARDHOUSE at the gates.

A SECURITY GUARD walks out, armed. High wire fences, searchlights, signs in English and Romanian saying DANGER - RESEARCH FACILITY - SENSITIVE MATERIALS FLAMMABLE - KEEP OUT.

ERIK approaches the SECURITY. He takes out his ID. A photocard. He shows it.

The GUARD buzzes him through. ERIK walks towards the ADMINISTRATION COMPOUND.

But as he does he casts his eye towards a huge building in the distance. The RESTRICTED ZONE.

That's why he's here.

7

INT. ADMINISTRATION COMPOUND. CELL 5. CONT.

7

ERIK takes out his ID card and slides it through a security pad. He is clicked into the compound which is almost empty, just as he wanted.

He flicks the lights, goes to the administration desk. Approaches a bored FEMALE CLERK. Shows ID.

HELLER

Heller. Recruitment. A new case file's waiting for me.

She searches. Shakes her head.

CLERK

Nothing here baby.

He nods.

HELLER

I'll wait.

He walks through into a sorting area. But he's only doing it for the CLERK's benefit. She watches him and then returns to her magazine.

That's what he needed. He walks quickly out of her sight, towards another door. Slips through.

It's a personnel area. He sees a door to the RESTRICTED ZONE. Tries his ID but his pass does not take him beyond this point.

He goes to a locker, makes as if to be changing. A blank-faced ORDERLY, dressed in the classic scrubs, enters from the door marked RESTRICTED ZONE. They exchange a nod, nothing more.

The ORDERLY takes off his scrubs, goes to shower.

ERIK moves fast, grabs the scrubs, grabs the Orderly's ID card that is hanging from the locker.

He flicks it through the Restricted Zone ID check and enters the Restricted Zone.

8

INT. RESTRICTED ZONE. CELL 5. CONT.

8

ERIK moves fast. He doesn't have much time.

He walks down the dark corridor, dressed in the scrubs.

He can hear distant sounds of dogs. Or wolves?

He passes other stony-faced LAB ASSISTANTS. He glimpses into laboratories. FIGURES in dimly lit rooms, fluorescent strip lighting, the glow of neon.

He checks his paperwork in his pocket. He looks at a code number. HH2476.

He approaches a LAB ASSISTANT.

ERIK

I'm new here. I'm looking for this room, to clean it.

LAB ASSIANT

At the end turn right.

He nods, moves on. She watches after him. Not sure about him. Looks at his shoes. Not sure about him at all.

ERIK moves on fast. Enters a new area of the restricted Zone. Concrete walls, an institutional coldness, a feeling of Cold War horror.

He moves past doorways until he reaches the one he is looking for.

9

INT. ROOM 2476. NIGHT.

9

He walks in.

And sees a series of small hospital beds. And in the beds:

BABIES.

Twenty or so. All hooked up to machines monitoring heart rate, blood, etc.

The babies are sleeping.

He walks along the beds, waiting, choosing.

He finds it. HH2476.

He stares.

There she is.

BABY HANNA.

He looks around. No one in the room.

He breathes deep.

He carefully unhooks her from her wires. He takes out a small tube from her skin. Quickly he presses where the needle was, hoping for no cry.

ERIK
It's OK. It's OK.

No cry comes.

Then he picks her up.

He sees a trolley of sheets and towels in the corner of the room.

He places the baby in the towels and sheets. Covers it, careful not to smother her.

And then pushing the trolley, he walks towards the door.

He turns down the corridor.

And sees the LAB ASSISTANT staring at him.

ERIK turns and walks fast the other way. The LAB ASSISTANT reaches for her pocket, for a radio.

10

INT. CORRIDOR IN RESEARCH AREA. CONT.

10

ERIK continues to walk fast.

He reaches a door that can take him out of the compound.

But it is manned. There is a kind of exit protocol that ERIK didn't know about. Screening machines. Searches.

ERIK turns the other way.

He walks down the corridor. Panicking now.

An ORDERLY comes the other way carrying filthy towels. Blood and dirt.

ORDERLY
You taking those out to burn?

ERIK nods.

ORDERLY (CONT'D)
Do me a favour?

And without asking he chucks the pile of filth into ERIK's trolley.

ERIK breathes sharply. Says nothing, nods, moves on, turns the corner, suddenly hurls the towels off, is she OK?

Yes. She's OK. He wipes blood from her face.

As he does he sees SECURITY right at the other end of the corridor, dimly lit, looking for him.

Now he has to think fast.

He walks on. Faster now.

He starts to run. Turns the corner, sprints down an empty corridor, and reaches double doors that say RESEARCH CENTRE. KEEP OUT.

ERIK tries to enter but even the pass does not grant access here.

A moment as he stares at the doors, hears noises that we do not understand from behind. Just WHAT is happening in THERE?

For a moment a sense of terrible mystery...

But no time. He turns, runs the other way.

He sees signs for the BURNING area.

He follows them.

He passes through double doors.

11 **EXT. BURNING AREA. CELL 5. NIGHT.**

11

The doors take him out to a holding area for medical refuse. Incinerators. Refuse bins.

High fences surround him.

He walks with the trolley to the furthestmost point in the refuse dump. Where the huge incinerators are, lit and roaring. The area is filled with smoke, bloodied clothes, towels waiting to be burnt.

Beyond that the fence. And beyond that, the forest.

ERIK checks round. It's night and the area is completely empty.

He takes off his left shoe. Inside he has a small pair of wire cutters.

In the shadows at the edge of the area, he starts to cut a hole in the fence.

He checks behind him. Still no one there.

He works faster. He cuts his hands. Doesn't care.

The hole is almost big enough.

Then he hears something.

He turns. SECURITY have come out of the doors into the refuse area.

ERIK moves quickly to the trolley, starts to dump towels in the incinerator.

They approach.

SECURITY
Identification.

ERIK
Sure.

ERIK reaches for his pocket. And then with a sudden move that surprises both of them he attacks. He punches one in the face, kicks the other. A fight between all three. Alarms go off, SECURITY reach for their arms, but ERIK is strong, fiercely athletic, he smashes the head of one man against the incinerator, the other tries to grab him and pull him towards the burning furnace, but ERIK flips him and hurls the man inside the flames. Horrific screams as the MAN burns.

ERIK runs, the screams of the man accompanying him, grabs the baby from the trolley, protects the baby as he climbs through the fence, cutting his skin.

And runs headlong into the forest.

12 EXT. WOODS OUTSIDE THE CITY. SOMEWHERE IN EUROPE. NIGHT. 12

Alarms blare. Searchlights scan the area.

ERIK sprints to his hidden stash, through the trees, grabs the bag, places the now screaming baby inside.

And runs.

Figures chase him through the trees, gunshots, ERIK ducks, bullets ping off trees, he cries in pain as a bullet flicks his shoulder, he keeps running, immense speed and athleticism, but the figures are getting closer, dogs are howling, he can see something ahead, two lights flashing, he runs towards them, a small track, a car waiting.

A WOMAN in the car.

JOHANNA. The woman from the photograph.

ERIK throws the doors open, pushes the bag in the back seat, jumps in the front, flicks the lights of the car off, and starts to drive, unlit, back down the track incredible speed, FIGURES come out of the woods, but are unable to stop the flying car as it disappears through the woodland, over the hill and away...

13 INT. MOTEL. POLAND. THREE DAYS LATER. 13

Morning. Dawn light through curtains.

They are making love. ERIK and JOHANNA. The baby is in a small basket at the end of the bed.

They are in a tiny motel room, cheap, anonymous, on a woodland road in Northern Poland. The TV is on, cheap Polish television.

She is smiling. Tracing his cut skin.

JOHANNA
Does it hurt?

He shakes his head.

JOHANNA (CONT'D)
Liar.

He smiles. They stare at the baby.

JOHANNA (CONT'D)
Look at her.

ERIK
We'll give her a new name. Find a new life.

They stare at the baby.

JOHANNA
Tell me she's OK.

He looks at her. Hides whatever he is feeling.

ERIK
She's ours. She's OK.

She kisses him deeply.

ERIK (CONT'D)
Get dressed. We need to move on.

LATER:

She is showering. He watches her lovely body through the chink in the door. How could he ever have doubted it?

Then he hears something. Soldier's instinct.

He turns to the window. Looks out at the motel forecourt.

And sees it.

A black car across the road. Men getting out. Knocking on motel doors.

And inside the black car. A figure. Female. A face. A face that chills ERIK to the marrow.

MARISSA WIEGLER.

14

EXT. POLISH MOTEL. DAY.

14

ERIK and JOHANNA are climbing out the back window of the motel bathroom. He hands her the baby.

They crawl round to the car park.

As they do they hear men smashing down doors. People screaming.

ERIK can see the car they came in. UNIFORMED MEN are all round it. No way to get to it.

He signals to JOHANNA. They turn the other way, creep along the back of the motel to a small staff car park. Just two cars there. A dump truck and a saloon.

ERIK bends down, goes to the dump truck, can't open it.

Tries the saloon. Unlocked. He opens. He hot-wires the car.

The car purrs into life.

That's when he sees her.

MARISSA WIEGLER staring at him. 29 years old. An expression like ice.

Their eyes meet.

ERIK slams the accelerator down.

The saloon car tears at high speed out of the motel and down the road.

15

INT. ERIK'S CAR/EXT POLISH FORESTS.

15

ERIK drives fast through the forest.

He checks the mirror. Nothing there.

JOHANNA
Where are they?

ERIK
Don't know.

JOHANNA
Did we get away?

ERIK
I don't know!

She looks back.

JOHANNA
They're not there. We got away.

The BABY starts to cry a little.

JOHANNA (CONT'D)
It's OK baby. Mummy and daddy are
taking you away. It's all going to
be ok.

She smiles at the BABY HANNA. True mother love.

Then she hears it.

And it's from above.

A whirr.

A helicopter is right above them.

ERIK accelerates, the car hurtles along the road through the
trees.

JOHANNA (CONT'D)
Shit what is that? What is it?

ERIK
It's OK. It's OK.

JOHANNA
No we have to get out.

ERIK
Stay calm.

He looks up. The helicopter has one door open. A SOLDIER is
looking out. Armed.

Sudden gunfire. Peppering the roof of the car. JOHANNA hurls
herself on top of the BABY HANNA.

JOHANNA
No... NO!!!

ERIK turns off the road into trees, where the helicopter
cannot reach, they drive fast through a little track. They
can still hear the helicopter but it can't get low enough.
ERIK continues down the narrow track, briars and branches
crashing off the windshield.

They can't hear the helicopter any more.

JOHANNA (CONT'D)
Has it gone? Has it gone?

They come out on a small lane, no sign of the helicopter. Ahead a small clearing in the trees and then a huge forest that stretches for miles. ERIK stops at the mouth of the clearing.

ERIK

We just have to get across. Then there's forest for hundreds of miles.

JOHANNA

No don't. Don't. Please.

ERIK

We have no choice.

He smashes down his foot. The car hurls forward across the clearing leading to the forest. Two hundred meters of open ground with no cover.

ERIK floors the accelerator.

150 metres.

100. 50.

They're going to make it.

Then the helicopter appears.

Gunfire. The roof, the trunk, the shield smashes, the tyres burst, the car swerves off the road...

JOHANNA screams...

Reaches for the baby...

... as the car smashes headlong into a tree.

A hideous impact.

The car crumpled, its front obliterated.

The horn starts to blare.

16 INT. HELICOPTER. CONT.

16

Inside the helicopter MARISSA WIEGLER stares at the car as she signals the helicopter to descend.

17 INT. ERIK'S STOLEN CAR. CONT.

17

ERIK lies dazed and bloodied. He turns. Sees JOHANNA covered in blood. Not moving. He looks behind her.

Sees petrol dripping.

Sees the BABY HANNA. Unhurt.

Looks up. Sees the helicopter coming down to land in the open ground.

ERIK stares at the BABY in pure terror.

18

INT. HELICOPTER. CONT.

18

The helicopter moves closer above the car and MARISSA watches for movement.

Did she see something?

Movement in the bracken?

Then suddenly the car explodes in a fireball of flame.

The helicopter almost gets caught in the backdraft, it shivers and stutters, the pilot just managing to keep control.

Then the helicopter stabilises and lands.

MARISSA gets out. Stands staring at the fireball of flame engulfing the car.

Is he in it?

Is he there?

19

INT. THE FOREST OF NORTHERN POLAND.

19

No he is not. .

ERIK HELLER, his eyes streaming in grief, his body shaking and bleeding, is running.

Holding the BABY HANNA in his arms, he continues driving deeper.

Deeper into the forest.

His lungs bursting, his head spinning, his bones broken and bruised.

But he doesn't stop.

Until man and baby disappear deep amidst the endless trees.

TITLE: HANNA

20

EXT. FOREST FLOOR. FOURTEEN YEARS LATER.

20

Winter. Silence on the forest floor. Soft snow falls. Then the sound of breathing. The soft footfall of a person running.

HANNA, fourteen years old, glides through the trees, a bow strapped to her shoulder. She is dressed in animal skins and fur shoes. She blends almost completely into the landscape of trees and snow.

She stops dead. Her breath visible in the icy air.

Her eyes are suddenly alert. She has spotted something. We see what it is. A REINDEER nuzzling the snow, trying to unearth a patch of grass to eat. Its head pops up - danger. Too late. The sudden swoosh and the snap of an arrow piercing its skin.

The deer flops to the ground with a thud. It whines, its feet dig at the earth. Its mouth gnaws the air. Steam on the icy air pouring from its nostrils.

HANNA approaches, removes a fur glove. She pats the animal. Looks at it quizzically.

HANNA

I missed your heart.

Then pulls out a pistol and shoots it in the head.

21

EXT. FOREST FLOOR. LATER.

21

A knife enters the deer near the anus and HANNA's hand pulls out the internal organs - stomach, intestine. She works calmly, without expression.

HANNA suddenly twitches. Senses danger. Turns. To find ERIK, fourteen years older, staring at her. Now dressed in skins, beard, wild face, weather-beaten.

ERIK

Too late.

HANNA spins spraying deer-blood on to the snow and brings her fist right to ERIK's face. He blocks and thumps an open palm on to HANNA's shoulder sending her sprawling into the snow.

She leaps to her feet, as ERIK aims a kick at her head. She dodges, punches below his knee cap, and goes for her pistol. ERIK slaps the hand away and pins her to the ground. HANNA smashes her knee into his stomach, then grabs his neck, wrapping her arms around it, preparing to snap. Then she relaxes as ERIK turns to her.

ERIK (CONT'D)
 Good. But I've already killed you.
 You don't get a second chance.

He walks into the forest.

22 EXT. FOREST. NORTH POLAND. LATER. 22

HANNA clears the kill site. Wipes the last dots of blood on to a stick. No sign she was ever there.

23 EXT. FOREST. NORTH POLAND. LATER. 23

HANNA drags the 200lb deer on a makeshift sled. She walks steadily, with purpose.

Now we see ERIK amongst the trees watching her, observing her strength.

24 EXT. LOG CABIN. NORTH POLISH FOREST. EVENING 24

An ancient log cabin in the thick forest. HANNA is standing in the snow, stripping the deer with a knife. It's a tough job but she does it no fuss. She hangs the meat in a small wooden smoke-house beside the log cabin.

25 INT. LOG CABIN. EVENING. 25

An oak table. Lit by kerosene lamps. Very cold and HANNA and ERIK sit in furs and eat soup. HANNA feels her arm as she eats. ERIK notices - he asks her softly.

ERIK
 Are you hurt?

HANNA shakes her head - bravely but it's a lie.

ERIK (CONT'D)
 I was standing behind you for three seconds. It's too long.

HANNA
 I'll do better next time.

ERIK
 German.

HANNA (IN GERMAN)
 I'll do better next time.

ERIK
 Russian

HANNA (IN RUSSIAN)
I'll do better next time.

ERIK
Spanish

HANNA (IN SPANISH)
I'll do better next time.

ERIK nods. HANNA smiles slightly - pleased but hiding it. He starts the next game. It's playful but with intent.

ERIK
Hanover.

HANNA
German industrial city. Population
0.7 Million people.

ERIK
Three great American movies.

HANNA
Casablanca. Godfather. Jaws.

ERIK
Beatles songs.

HANNA
Love me Do. Help. Let it Be.

ERIK
Human Beings are...

HANNA
Dangerous. Not to be trusted.

ERIK
If you see one...

HANNA
I come and find you.

ERIK
If there's no time?

HANNA
Hide. If I can't hide. Attack.

ERIK smiles. HANNA smiles back in the warm glow of the lamp.

26

INT. HANNA'S ROOM. NIGHT.

26

ERIK kisses her head, gets up. He watches her as she slides into a military camp bed and covers herself in furs.

Then he walks out.

HANNA lies there, looking at the ceiling. Silently, under her bed-clothes she takes out a small metal nail and carves a dash into the wooden wall. There are thousands of such lines all over the wall. She stares at the wall.

In the dining area, ERIK sits at the table, thinks. He stares at HANNA sleeping in the room.

27 EXT. CABIN - SHOOTING RANGE -- DAY

27

A GUNSHOT breaks a tree apart.

HANNA fires. Another tree breaks apart. She rolls and fires.

She rolls and fires. She reloads. And fires.

ERIK watching.

28 EXT. CABIN - NORTH POLAND -- DAY

28

A medium size log nailed along two pillars of the cabin acts as a chin-up bar.

ERIK and HANNA do chin-ups. Both are fit. Neither will give up. ERIK observing HANNA's power. Both have the sense that he is judging her. HANNA's face fiercely determined.

29 EXT. NORTH POLISH FOREST - RIVER. DAY.

29

HANNA and ERIK are swimming hard against the current of the fast-flowing river, working at full pelt just to stay still. They swim and swim, their muscles busting, their lungs bursting.

ERIK

Don't give up! Don't give up!

HANNA's arms burst as she fights against the stream and she screams in pain. She is grabbed under by the undertow and is pulled downwards. For a second she is underwater and in darkness but ERIK's hand pulls her back up and she breaks the surface with a gasp of relief.

30 EXT. NORTH POLISH FOREST. DAY.

30

HANNA, now alone, is setting traps for animals. She winds the wire round the trunk of a small root with expert care.

The she hears something. She stands under the canopy, bow in hand.

An aeroplane overhead.

She tries to see it through the trees. But cannot and it fades away. She starts to sprint after it. She is sprinting faster and faster through the trees. She is busting a gut and her face has a determination that is close to desperation.

Then she stops. She stares ahead at a series of red perimeter marks on the trees. They create a complete circle that stretch across the forest. This is as far as she is allowed to go.

She moves towards the red marks. She touches the red paint. Thinks about going beyond. Burns to do so.

But does not.

She turns back the way she came.

Deep in the trees ERIK watches her as she turns back.

31 INT. CABIN. LIVING ROOM/

31

Dark outside and only dim light in the cabin as HANNA washes the dishes in a bucket of water. She watches her father as he sits outside the cabin.

32 EXT. CABIN. HANNA'S ROOM. NIGHT.

32

HANNA under the covers. ERIK kissing her good night. But HANNA is distracted and he can tell.

ERIK

What is it?

HANNA

Why can't I go beyond the red markings?

ERIK

You know why.

HANNA

Why can't we leave this forest?

ERIK

I told you it's not safe. The people who killed your mother... they're bad people. They would kill us too.

HANNA

So we're going to stay forever, yes?

ERIK

Yes.

HANNA

If we're never going to leave. Why
are you training me?

Beat. Painful.

ERIK

Because one day I may not be here
to protect you. And you'll have
to... cope on your own.

She stares at him. This has never occurred to her. But is it
the whole truth?

ERIK (CONT'D)

Don't worry. That's a long time
away. Sleep now.

ERIK rises, closes her door. She stares at the door.

She reaches down beneath the bedclothes to her groin. She
brings her hand out.

It has blood on it.

She stares at the blood.

33 INT. CABIN. FOREST OF NORTHERN POLAND

33

On the other side of the door ERIK is breathing deeply.

He puts on his boots, and very quietly lets himself out into
the night.

34 EXT. THE FOREST OF NORTHERN POLAND.

34

ERIK walks alone through the night to a remote part of the
forest. He passes the red perimeter, makes sure he is not
being followed.

He walks and walks, miles and miles.

He reaches a point he recognises.

He digs. With his hands, then with a blade from his pocket.

He digs three feet down beyond where animals can reach.

And he brings out a metal box.

He opens it.

Papers. Photographs. Johanna. Utrax. The name Marissa
Wiegler. The name Roland Kunek.

ERIK stares at the papers.

35

INT. CABIN. HANNA'S ROOM. NIGHT.

35

ERIK enters the room late at night.

HANNA is asleep.

ERIK bends down to look at her. Thinking.

Suddenly HANNA bursts from her covers, and smashes him down on to the bed. She grabs her pistol from under her pillow and points it at his face. She is alert, eyes intense, face proud.

HANNA

I told you I'd do better.

ERIK stares at her.

HANNA (CONT'D)

Where did you go? Just now?

ERIK

You don't ask me questions.

She turns, sulking her back to him.

He stares at her.

He blows out the light, walks outside, gazes at the stars.

Knowing that the crisis point is approaching.

37

EXT. FOREST OF NORTHERN POLAND. BEFORE DAWN.

37

The half-light before dawn. HANNA is moving fast, nose close to the ground, like an animal, lithe and quiet.

Once again she reaches the perimeter fence.

She stares at the red paint on the trees.

Her eyes burn with a deep curiosity and desire.

Then she does something strange. She turns back, walks fifty yards away from the red paint and then walks BACKWARDS back to the perimeter, in the exact same footprints so it looks like she has walked back away from the perimeter.

Then she climbs one of the trees with the red paint. And then, very carefully, she inches along a branch, and on to the next tree, outside the perimeter. She nearly falls but with great agility she inches from one tree to the next. And then again. And again.

Until she is four trees away from the perimeter. Only now does she descend.

She is forty feet outside the perimeter and has left no tracks on the ground.

Good.

She stares back, suddenly scared.

But too late for regrets.

She turns and walks fast into the forest.

38

EXT. THE HUT. FOREST OF NORTHERN POLAND.

38

Early morning. ERIK walks out of the door of the hut, axe in hand, ready to chop wood.

He stops. Listening. To nothing.

It's too quiet.

ERIK

Hanna?

Too silent.

He runs. He follows her tracks.

He reaches the perimeter but then sees the footprints returning.

Where is she?

What's going on?

His face is etched with the deep anxiety of parental love at that moment when all control is lost.

39

EXT. FOREST FLOOR. POLAND.

39

HANNA is walking. Fast. But quiet. This is a new world to her now. New sounds, new smells. She checks the sun that glistens through the trees. But where is she going? She has no idea. She just has to know what there is.

Time passes. The trees have thickened. The sky is harder to see beyond the canopy. HANNA is scared now. Maybe for the first time not in her comfort zone.

She thinks about turning back.

But she knows she may not get this chance again.

She goes on.

Later:

The light is fading. HANNA is eating berries as she walks.
Cold now. Her breath visible.

The forest thick with trees.

A sudden movement. HANNA turns.

What was it?

HANNA scared for the first time. This is not terrain she knows.

She listens. Her ears prick. She can hear the strange distant whirr and grind of something echoing through the trees.

It's frightening. What is it?

She walks faster. Starts to run.

The horrible grinding sound just grows and grows. She has never heard anything like it before

She storms on, the forest darker, undergrowth tearing at her, briars and thorns, faster, faster...

And then she sees it.

Light.

She runs towards it. Her blood pumping inside her brain. The noise increasing.

She bursts out of the woodland.

40

EXT. EDGE OF THE FOREST

40

And she sees them.

Logs.

Thousands and thousands of beautifully cut logs. Piled up and covered against the rain in a small clearing.

And the noise is the sound of a lone young man with a petrol saw, cutting them. A visor over his face. A quad bike behind him.

No one else around.

He stops.

He stares at her. Lifts the visor.

He is seventeen/eighteen, no more. He is ARVO.

ARVO is astonished. In all his time he has never met anyone here.

She stares at him. Instantly on her guard. Is he the same species? Is he dangerous?

ARVO looks around.

ARVO
Who are you? Where are you from?

She stares at him. Instinct says flee. All her father's lessons. But she doesn't.

ARVO (CONT'D)
Are you lost? Where did you come from?

She says nothing. Looks back into the forest.

ARVO (CONT'D)
There? Nothing there for miles.

She turns back to him.

She eyes his packed lunch. He offers it to her.

ARVO (CONT'D)
Hungry?

She nods. He holds out two bars. Snickers and Twix.

ARVO (CONT'D)
Take your pick.

He holds them out. She refuses. Terrified. He smiles, unwraps the Snickers, bites a bit, eats it, hands it to her. She stares at it. What the hell is that? Tries it. Loves it. Devours it.

ARVO (CONT'D)
You not had a chocolate bar before?

Beat. She does not want to say.

ARVO (CONT'D)
You have a name?

She shakes her head.

ARVO (CONT'D)
You don't have a name.

She shakes her head.

ARVO (CONT'D)
Ok. I do. I'm Arvo.

He holds his hand out. She looks at it. Another human hand.

She thinks about touching it. Moves her hand towards his.

But when he tries to take her hand she pulls away fast, retreats like an animal, sharply, not trusting, not believing. Her breath audible as a warning to keep away.

ARVO (CONT'D)

Are you OK? I can call my father, get you help...

HANNA

No. Don't.

ARVO

It's OK. No problem. We'll help you, whatever you need.

He takes out his smart-phone. She instantly smacks it from him.

ARVO (CONT'D)

Hey what the fuck.

She stares at the phone on the ground. What the hell is that? She picks it up. Stares at it. The screen. The images.

ARVO (CONT'D)

Give that back.

Angered he goes to grab her, he takes the phone, she slaps him, twists his arm. He screams.

She lets go.

He stares at her.

ARVO (CONT'D)

Who are you? Jesus.

He grabs an axe, thinks about attacking. HANNA ready to unleash. Ready to kill.

Erik was right.

But ARVO drops the axe, turns away. Grabs his coat.

ARVO (CONT'D)

You crazy bitch.

HANNA

Where are you going?

He walks towards his quad bike. She walks after him.

ARVO

Screw you.

HANNA

Please. Don't tell anyone. Please.

He climbs in. HANNA is almost struck dumb by the roar of the engine. It's like an animal for her and she quivers in fear, but the quad bike just tears through the logging zone and down the track, leaving her alone once again.

HANNA stands alone.

Cursing herself and her instincts.

41

INT. HUT IN POLISH FOREST.

41

It's night. ERIK sits alone. And worried. He listens to the noises of the night.

Then hears something else. His muscles tighten. Animal instinct.

Suddenly the door opens. HANNA enters. He looks up. She is shattered, frozen, dead-beat.

HANNA throws down a dead rabbit. Goes to walk into her room.

ERIK
Sit and eat.

HANNA
Not hungry.

ERIK stares at her, biding his time.

ERIK
Oh no? Why not?

She shakes her head.

ERIK (CONT'D)
Where were you today? I called for you.

HANNA
Hunting as usual.

ERIK
One rabbit? You call that hunting?
I called. No answer.

HANNA
I didn't hear you.

ERIK
You can always hear me.

HANNA
Maybe I chose not to listen.

She stares at him defiant. He suddenly slaps her hard on the face.

Beat. She stares at him. He has NEVER done that before.

ERIK
You're a liar. You left the area.

She says nothing.

ERIK (CONT'D)
Talk to me.

HANNA shakes her head. He grabs her arm. She pulls it away, he tries again, she pulls it harder, and his bowl of soup goes flying.

ERIK (CONT'D)
I'm your father. Tell me the truth.

HANNA
No you tell me.

ERIK
What do you mean?

HANNA
The people who killed mother. Who were they?

ERIK
I told you. They were bad people.

HANNA
But who? Why teach me to speak in all the languages? Why? You're preparing me for something. What? Why must I tell you everything and you tell me nothing?

Beat. He stares at her, deeply moved.

ERIK
Because you are not ready.

She throws her plate to the ground, walks out the door into her bedroom. He watches after her. Sorrow and love in his eyes.

42 INT. HANNA'S ROOM. HUT. POLISH FOREST.

42

HANNA lies alone, pale face, the sense of tears but none come. She feels an inner calling, something undeniable inside her. It is her own self coming to fruition.

43 EXT. POLISH FOREST FLOOR. DAY.

43

HANNA is at the perimeter. She is staring at the red paint on the trees.

ERIK is not far away, collecting branches.

But he is really just watching her.

And she knows it.

She hears something. So does he. They both know that sound.

HANNA

Boar.

They move as one, weapons out. Swift, speedy. They have it surrounded.

A small wild boar. A rare prize. But hard.

HANNA moves slowly, eyeing ERIK. A great team.

ERIK circles. He beats the tree to scare it.

It turns, runs. Pure panic.

Towards HANNA.

HANNA aims an arrow. For a second she aims at the heart and then for a reason we do not yet understand she switches her aim to its flank.

She lets fly the arrow. It only wounds the boar, which turns back in terror. ERIK stares at her surprised - she doesn't often miss.

ERIK moves in fast, crashing through bushes, knife in hand, cuts the boar's neck.

A smile as the blood pours. A roar of triumph from ERIK. A rare catch.

Only then does ERIK hear the silence.

He turns.

HANNA is gone.

ERIK drops the boar and goes after her. Pelting through trees.

He reaches the perimeter trees.

Looks up. Sees the bark on one tree eroded by a foot.

ERIK looks up.

He lets out a roar of frustration.

44

EXT. POLISH FOREST FLOOR BEYOND THE PERIMETER.

44

HANNA is making the same journey into the denser, tougher woodland, but this time with no fear, only a purpose, a sense of her own rebellion, her own need to find out what is in this world.

She hacks her way through the undergrowth. Steel in her eyes.

She stops dead. She can hear the scream of the saw. She smiles.

45

EXT. LOGGING AREA. POLISH FOREST. DAY.

45

ARVO is once again sawing logs. He has headphones guarding his ears from the noise of the saw.

That's why he doesn't hear her come up behind him.

It is HANNA.

He turns and there she is. He jerks back in shock. The saw goes flying from his hands, nearly takes off his feet, as it circles on the ground.

He screams in fear.

HANNA looks at him. Slight smile.

HANNA

Hello.

ARVO

What the hell are you doing?

HANNA

Are you angry with me?

ARVO

What do you expect?

HANNA

Turn it off.

Beat. He does so. Silence.

HANNA (CONT'D)

Did you tell anyone about me?

ARVO

No. Just go back to whatever hole you crawled out from. OK?

He goes to put his headphones back on. Having none of this. But she is too quick. She grabs the headphones.

ARVO (CONT'D)
Give them to me.

HANNA
Do you have another Slickers Bar?

ARVO
Snickers. They're called Snickers Bars..

HANNA
Do you have one?

Later:

She is eating the bar. He is staring at her. He lights a cigarette.

ARVO
You eat like an animal.

She licks her lips. Looks at the cigarette.

ARVO (CONT'D)
You want one?

She shakes her head. He smokes.

ARVO (CONT'D)
Where do you live? You have to tell me something.

HANNA
In the forest.

ARVO
Who with?

HANNA
My father.

ARVO
What does he do here?

HANNA
Looks after me.

ARVO
I don't mean that. What job does he do?

Beat. She reaches for his cigarette. Tries it. Coughs, splutters. ARVO laughs. Throws the cigarette, reaches for the saw. When:

HANNA
How does it work?

ARVO
How do you think? Petrol.

HANNA
Petroleum. The derivative of crude oil used for mechanical vehicles such as cars and aeroplanes and responsible for a large percentage of the global economy.

He stares at her. Who the fuck is this girl?

HANNA (CONT'D)
What is down that road?

She stares down the road.

ARVO
Just the cabin. I stay there with my dad when we come here for the logging.

HANNA
Is that all there is?

ARVO
For about a hundred miles. Why?

HANNA
I want to know what's beyond the forest.

ARVO suddenly sees the teenage girl seeking freedom. And it's bewitching. She's beautiful and strange and wonderful.

ARVO
You serious? You've never seen anything but the forest?

She shakes her head.

ARVO (CONT'D)
Why?

HANNA
People are dangerous. Not to be trusted.

ARVO
Not all of them.

As in - Not Me. She is desperate to believe him. But what about Erik's instructions?

HANNA
I'm sorry I hurt you.

ARVO
You didn't hurt me.

HANNA
Oh yeah?

She smiles. Touches his bruise. He winces but her touch is soft. Her hand lingers. The first touch of another human being. He stares at her.

ARVO
You want to see something amazing?

HANNA's curiosity is piqued.

HANNA
Maybe.

ARVO
Get on.

He refers to the quad bike. She stares at it, deeply unsure. Like a monster.

HANNA
I don't want it to make that noise.

ARVO
Just get on.

She gets on. He leaps on. Turns the ignition.

And it makes that noise. HANNA screams. But too late. ARVO is already driving the bike through the trees.

And suddenly the experience turns from pure terror into the greatest ride of her life. Her hair in the wind as the bike tears through the trees.

HANNA whoops out of sheer exhilarated joy.

They tear through the forest, up a hill, they see vistas, panorama, HANNA sees the forest for the first time from above not below. She breathes in deep, breathes the neck of ARVO, hugs him as the forest flies by.

46

EXT. FOREST OF NORTHERN POLAND.

46

It's dusk as ARVO parks the bike up. The sun is setting. Night is approaching. HANNA has been away too long and she knows it but she can't stop herself.

ARVO
We walk from here.

HANNA
Where are we going?

ARVO
You'll see.

He leads her through the darkening trees. Like a young man taking a girl on a mischievous first date.

And then they reach it.

HANNA stares in awe. It's a huge white object amidst the trees, like a giant alien that has landed from some other planet.

Or to us, an enormous satellite dish. A ground station.

HANNA stares.

HANNA
What is it?

ARVO
It's a ground receiver. See up there. It takes messages from a signal satellite in the sky. All the messages of the world.

HANNA
I don't understand.

ARVO
If you make a phone call, or you send a text message to the other side of the world, or use GPS, whatever, it's all done here. Pretty cool huh?

HANNA
What's GPS?

ARVO
You're kidding right?

HANNA stares. Incomprehensible to her. He starts to walk towards the station.

ARVO (CONT'D)
Come on.

HANNA
What if someone comes?

ARVO
Don't worry. Maintenance only come once a month.

He walks on, climbs a fence.

ARVO (CONT'D)
I can help you.

But she needs no help. She vaults on to the fence, leaps over. Lands.

ARVO (CONT'D)

OK.

They walk on. To the dish. HANNA climbs up on it. It's as if she can hear the messages of the world. The electrical buzz. The sense of the universe enormous and magnificent.

47 EXT. FOREST OF NORTHERN POLAND. NIGHT.

47

Back inside the forest. Someone is watching HANNA as she climbs. Watching as ARVO climbs beside her.

Watching as ARVO takes HANNA's waist to hold her and show her the stars.

48 EXT. SATELLITE STATION. FOREST. NIGHT.

48

ARVO leans into HANNA. His hand round her waist. HANNA tenses slightly. Groomed to attack. But it feels too good. She breathes deep as ARVO shows her the stars.

ARVO

You know the constellations?

HANNA

Yes. That's Ursa Minor, the small bear. That points to Andromeda and that's Ursa Major and that's Venus that only shows when it's not close to the sun.

ARVO

And that?

He points to one bright star.

HANNA

I don't know that one.

ARVO

That's what's talking to us. Look carefully. It moves.

She watches and indeed as time seems to accelerate in a dream, the satellite station moves across the sky.

ARVO (CONT'D)

It's beautiful, uh?

ARVO nestles close to her, trying to get a kiss. HANNA's fist clenches. Is she about to attack?

HANNA

What are you doing?

ARVO

We don't have long. I have to get back and so do you.

He feels her breast. Her fist clenches tighter.

HANNA

I don't want to.

He takes her hand to his body.

She is attracted, but utterly confused, her arm raises, maybe about to react, maybe to attack with deadly force... when...

Lights in the trees. Three torches.

ARVO

Shit.

He leaps down.

ARVO (CONT'D)

Quick - move.

HANNA

What is it?

ARVO

I don't know. Come on!

But the torches move closer, held by figures. Three SECURITY MEN have materialised out of nowhere. And they mean business. They have weapons and dogs. They speak through a loud hailer.

SECURITY

Stop there! Do not move!

HANNA stares terrified. ARVO stops dead in the lights. He raises his hands.

ARVO

Dad's going to kill me.

He raises his hands, stares into the beams of the torches.

But there's no way HANNA's doing that.

She starts to run.

ARVO (CONT'D)

What the fuck you doing? Don't be crazy!

But she runs. The dogs bark, make chase...

HANNA turns, looks at them.

And for a strange and eerie moment she senses in their eyes something quite inexplicable... a *connection*

Then suddenly she hears something.

A roar. The Quad Bike!

And it's ERIK driving it. He smashes through the fence.

An instinctive understanding.

HANNA runs again. SECURITY shout but she just runs and with a speed we have never seen, all that training, all that pain coming to fruition, she runs, muscles burning and she makes it...

She leaps on the back, SECURITY shoot in the air, but they are out of there, fast, through the trees and away into the darkness.

49 **EXT. FOREST OF NORTHERN POLAND.** 49

The Quad Bike lies abandoned and hidden under branches deep in the forest.

50 **EXT. FOREST OF NORTHERN POLAND.** 50

ERIK and HANNA are walking home. Single file. Furious silence.

HANNA flicks a look to the stars but they are covered by the trees and are no longer visible.

She stares back to the ground in shame.

51 **INT. THE HUT. FOREST OF POLAND. NIGHT.** 51

It is late as they arrive.

ERIK gets the fire going again as it is long out and the hut is cold.

He sits at the table.

HANNA stands like the awkward teenager she is at the door.

No one says a word.

The fire starts to roar and ERIK puts a pot with water on the fire.

It starts to boil.

HANNA still stands there.

ERIK

Sit down.

She does not. He speaks quietly. Trying to figure out exactly how bad the damage is.

ERIK (CONT'D)

How much do you know about him?

HANNA shrugs. ERIK seething with quiet anxiety, his mind on the three security men. Who are they? What did they see?

ERIK (CONT'D)

Talk to me. Hanna!

HANNA

He chops logs. He gave me something to eat. It was nice.

ERIK

What, and so you trust him? You get on a bike with him? You go wherever he says?

HANNA

He was friendly.

ERIK

Why did he take you there?

She shrugs again. ERIK breathes deep. And asks the question that REALLY matters. About the REAL danger. Not Arvo. But THEM.

ERIK (CONT'D)

Did they see your face? The men who came. Did they see your face? Hanna.

HANNA

I don't know.

ERIK

Try to remember.

HANNA

I don't know. Maybe.

ERIK

Maybe's not good enough. I have to know.

HANNA

Yes. I think so.

ERIK
Did you talk to them?

HANNA
No.

ERIK
You said nothing. You sure?

HANNA
There wasn't time.

Beat.

HANNA (CONT'D)
Will they come after us?

ERIK
I don't know.

She stares at him. Then suddenly she rushes to him, holds him. Hugs him. And he holds her, tight, tighter than ever before.

HANNA
I'm sorry.

ERIK
It's OK. It's OK.

HANNA
He tried to... He wanted to touch me.

And ERIK gentle here, paternal, wanting to reassure.

ERIK
It's OK. He's just a boy. He didn't mean anything.

She clings to his shoulder.

ERIK (CONT'D)
You must be hungry.

She nods.

ERIK (CONT'D)
Then help me. Huh?

52

EXT. FOREST FLOOR. POLAND.

52

They pull the wild boar across the earth together. She glances at ERIK. He smiles.

There is something deeply healing about this moment.

53

INT. THE HUT. FOREST OF POLAND.

53

He cuts the flank of the boar. Good meat. He hangs it above the fire, turns it.

He pours hot water. He brings vegetables. A feast.

Time passes. The meat cooks.

He takes it.

Brings her a plate of hot smoked boar and potatoes and root vegetables.

HANNA

Thank you.

She eats. He watches her, proud father.

HANNA (CONT'D)

What is it?

ERIK

You want to live out in that world.
Don't you?

Beat. She nods.

ERIK (CONT'D)

Even if it's dangerous?

HANNA

Maybe.

ERIK

Even if it kills you?

She says nothing but he knows the answer.

Deep breath.

Then he reaches into a pocket of his coat.

And brings out a photograph. It's from the metal box.

She stares at him.

He hands the photograph to her.

HANNA

Who is she?

ERIK

She's the woman who killed your
mother.

HANNA stares at the photo. Marissa Wiegler. HANNA's hand clenches, almost crumpling the image.

ERIK (CONT'D)

If we leave here. We have to find her before she finds us. You understand?

HANNA

That's what you've been training me for.

ERIK

Yes.

HANNA

And now I'm ready.

ERIK

Maybe.

HANNA

No. I am.

She stares at him over the firelight.

ERIK

It's not just her. She has an organisation. People who will help her. People who don't want the world to know we exist. We have to very smart. If they catch you, they'll try to pull us apart, They'll lie to you, they'll tell you anything to divide us.

HANNA

They won't succeed. I can lie better than them. I lied to you.

ERIK

Yes you did.

She smiles. She holds his hand. He nods.

HANNA

I love you.

ERIK

I love you too.

She smiles. Huge expectation. He looks out the window into the night.

ERIK (CONT'D)

Sometimes I wish we could stay here forever.

HANNA

But we can't. We can't hide any more.

They stare at each other as the emptiness of the forest surrounds them.

54

EXT. PARIS STREET. DAY.

54

Some contrast. A packed city, mid-afternoon. It's Paris, France.

A classic wide Parisian shopping boulevard, maybe Avenue Foch.

A young woman, female, walks along the fashionable boulevards, looking at handbags, Givenchy perfumes, Dior robes.

Then we see that she is looking not any of this but in the glass, using it as a mirror.

She is watching someone. Because she is in fact a CIA AGENT.

An ARAB man is waiting in a car.

A young ARAB MAN, maybe 21 years old, is walking to the car. Getting in. They talk.

The FEMALE AGENT looks round, we see three other CIA OPS AGENTS all casing the same car. One from above, with a small digital video camera, one on the street, one from another car, with a stills camera.

She speaks into a radio mic on her lapel. American accent. As they all have.

FEMALE AGENT

OK we have eyeball. 242 Avenue Foch.

MARISSA'S VOICE

I want 360 degree coverage. Can we get audio on the car?

MALE VOICE ON RADIO

Trying it now.

INT. CIA COVERT OPS HQ. PARIS.

In a hi-tech multi-screen obs room in CIA HQ Paris, a 45 year old woman watches the screens. And though she is 14 years older, we recognise her as MARISSA WIEGLER.

Rolling coverage of the conversation between the two ARAB MEN. On other screens, data and historic visuals of the two men.

MARISSA stares at the ARAB MAN. Then turns to a 50 year old CIA LAWYER who is also sitting at the table. DAN PHIPPS.

MARISSA
He's right here in the middle of
Paris. And we can't touch him.

DAN PHIPPS
It's French jurisdiction. Just
can't do it.

MARISSA
Yeah well you can tell the French
someone needs to do their work for
them while they have their four
hour lunches.

PHIPPS laughs.

Then there's a buzz on MARISSA's phone. She stares at it. It
troubles her.

MARISSA (CONT'D)
Dan stay on this. I'll be back.

INT. CIA COVERT OPS EUROPE HEADQUARTERS. PARIS. DAY.

MARISSA walks out along the corridor and meets CHUCK MEISNER,
35 years old, laser-smart, a CIA man to his boots.

MARISSA
Not here.

They walk alone into a small office. MARISSA closes the door.
Puts on TV. Covering sound. They speak quietly.

MARISSA (CONT'D)
What is it?

CARL MEISNER
The NATO Security attachment at the
Kvansk Defense Satellite
Installation in Northern Poland
recorded a break-in three nights
ago.

He hands her a printed report on paper.

MARISSA
Terrorism?

CARL MEISNER
Just kids fooling around. But
something strange happened when
they were dealing with the
incident. They arrested a boy.
Polish kid, seventeen, Arvo
Gombrowitz.

MARISSA

So what?

CARL MEISNER

He was with a girl. They tried to arrest her too but she was rescued by an older man and they disappeared into the forest.

MARISSA's face. She knows. Already she knows.

MARISSA

They get a name?

CARL MEISNER

The boy says he has no idea who she was or where she came from.

MARISSA

How old?

CARL MEISNER

He guessed sixteen. But he wanted to make out with her so... she could be younger.

MARISSA

Like fourteen.

CARL MEISNER

Yeah. I know that Langley still has a red flag around Erik Heller. He was sixty miles West of there when he killed his wife and disappeared with his baby daughter.

MARISSA

Fourteen years ago.

CARL MEISNER

It's probably coincidence.

MARISSA

Almost certainly.

Beat. MARISSA stares through glass at the CIA offices, filled with analysts and operatives, none knowing what has just happened. How her life has just been turned upside down.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

OK keep this off the grid for now.
I want to talk to the security
corps that found them. Direct line.
Encrypted. In half an hour.

56

INT. THE HUT. FOREST OF POLAND. NIGHT.

56

HANNA lies awake. She cannot sleep. She gets up.

ERIK is sleeping in the main room.

The cabin is in a state of dismantlement, the sense of imminent departure.

She stares.

She walks out into the forest.

She sits outside. The unique sounds of the forest at night. She knows them so well. The owl. The crackle of a deer's foot. The breeze in the leaves. The rustle of insects.

HANNA is filled with a strange melancholy, sweet but painful.

She is leaving home.

Then she pauses.

She can hear something in the darkness.

Instantly she blows out the candle, grabs a knife from the wall, moves into the shadows away from the hut.

And with incredible silence she tracks through the trees.

Now we can hear it. A cry? Animal?

HANNA continues to walk silently, bare foot. She circles as she sees a figure, with a torch, sitting amidst the trees.

HANNA watches.

She walks up behind.

She grabs the figure, knife to his throat.

It is ARVO.

HANNA

What are you doing here?

ARVO stares at her.

She looks down. He has been caught in one of her traps and his leg is cut.

ARVO

Help me.

HANNA stares at him. Raises her knife.

And cuts the wire.

LATER. HANNA is sitting with ARVO and nursing his wound with leaves.

HANNA
Does it hurt?

He winces but acts the brave.

ARVO
It's OK.

She continues her expert work.

HANNA
What are you doing here? Did
someone send you?

ARVO
No I just wanted...

HANNA
What?

ARVO
I wanted to say sorry. For getting
you in trouble.

HANNA
How did you find us?

ARVO
I followed the bike tracks.

HANNA is staring at his face. It has a bruise around his eye.
A bad one.

HANNA
Did the guards do that?

He shakes his head.

ARVO
My father.

She touches the bruise.

HANNA
Why would he do that?

ARVO
You don't know my dad.

He smiles at her. She finishes the compress.

HANNA
There.

ARVO
Thanks.

Beat.

HANNA
You need to go now.

ARVO
Can't I see where you live?
She shakes her head.

HANNA
Sorry.

ARVO
Will you come see me again?
HANNA stares at him. And lies.

HANNA
Yes. I'll come tomorrow.

ARVO
Promise?

HANNA
Promise. You should go now.
He kisses her gently on the cheek.

ARVO
Thanks.

She stares at him. Real tenderness between them. He wants another kiss. She may be about to give it when...
A noise behind her. She turns fast, knife out.
It is ERIK.

ERIK
What is he doing here?

HANNA
Nothing. He's just going.

ARVO scrambles to his feet, grabbing his phone as he does.

HANNA (CONT'D)
Go.

ERIK
Wait.

ERIK gestures to the phone.

ERIK (CONT'D)
Give me that.

ARVO hands over the phone nervously. ERIK stares at the phone. It's new to him too.

ERIK (CONT'D)
What does this mean?

He shows a signal.

ARVO
That's battery life. And that's
GPS.

ERIK
GPS?

ARVO
Yes you know. Global positioning.

ERIK
No I don't know.

ARVO
It connects to a satellite station
in space so that I can orientate
myself. That's all.

ERIK
It works in the forest?

ARVO
It's better here than anywhere.

ERIK is already breathing hard. He looks up at the sky. At the satellite station blinking in the night sky.

It's as if he can feel someone watching him.

ERIK
Who did you speak to when they
arrested you? Who?

ARVO
Just some men. They let me go.

ERIK
They take your phone number?

ARVO nods.

Beat.

ERIK suddenly smashes the phone hard with his boot, obliterating it.

ARVO
What the fuck? How am I going to
get back?

ERIK
How long have you been here?

ARVO
A few hours. Why?

ERIK walks up to ARVO. He should kill him. He knows he
should. But then:

HANNA
No. Leave him. He won't say
anything.

She stares at ERIK. ERIK turns to ARVO.

ERIK
You never saw us. You tried to find
us but you never did. You hear? Do
you hear?

ARVO
Yeah.

ERIK nods. He starts to walk fast back the way they came.
HANNA looks back one more time to ARVO.

She knows she will never see him again.

And then goes after her father.

57

INT/EXT. THE CABIN. POLISH FOREST. NIGHT.

57

ERIK and HANNA are in a hurry.

They pack bags. Weapons. Food. They remove all sign that they
were here.

They drag branches, cover the cabin until is hidden in dense
foliage.

HANNA stares at the cabin. Her home for so long.

HANNA
Should we burn it?

ERIK
They'll see the smoke. Let's go.

They start to walk fast away from the cabin. She flicks a
look back. Turmoil inside her.

They storm through the forest. ERIK following the sky. The
stars.

Then HANNA stops dead.

ERIK (CONT'D)
Come on! No time for that!

But HANNA can hear something.

ERIK (CONT'D)
What is it?

HANNA
Can't you hear it?

He cranes his neck, can't hear it. Nor can we.

HANNA looks up.

HANNA (CONT'D)
Machines. Three of them. All round
us.

ERIK
I can't hear it.

But now he can. So can we. The hum, the growing roar...

And he knows that sound. It's a sound that has haunted ERIK
HELLER for 14 years.

Helicopters.

He looks up.

58 **EXT. POLISH FOREST FLOOR BEYOND THE PERIMETER. NIGHT.** 58

In another part of the forest, a limping ARVO hears the
helicopters too.

He stares up as the lights of a huge military helicopter
roars over his head.

59 **EXT. POLISH FOREST. NIGHT.** 59

HANNA and ERIK are sprinting. All the training paying off.
Lungs bursting as they fly through the trees.

60 **EXT. EDGE OF NORTH POLISH FOREST. NIGHT.** 60

Twenty US Special Forces are leaping out of helicopters on
the fringe of the forest.

The HEAD of SPECIAL OPS radios as the SOLDIERS fan out into
the forest.

HEAD OF OPS
Is this guy one of ours?

VOICE OF MEISNER
Used to be. Tread carefully. He's
damaged goods and he's been out
there a long time.

61

EXT. NORTH POLISH FOREST. NIGHT.

61

The Special Ops team head through the forest with infra-red vision-goggles. We see through the infra-red vision the endless trees in the utter pitch blackness.

A sudden swerve in our vision as a noise disturbs the peace. But it is only a deer footing it through the forest's darkness.

Then another cry. Our SOLDIER flies towards a small group who have found someone in the darkness.

It is ARVO, quivering with fear. His head held in a vice-like grip, torch in his eyes, as the SOLDIERS interrogate him.

SOLDIER
Where are they?

ARVO
I don't know what you mean.

They twist his neck. He screams.

SOLDIER
WHERE ARE THEY?

62

EXT. POLISH FOREST. NIGHT.

62

Dawn is just beginning to break.

ERIK and HANNA continue running. They hear the helicopters above and around them. They hear voices distant in the trees.

ERIK
Keep going.

63

EXT. THE CABIN. POLISH FOREST. NIGHT.

63

The SPECIAL FORCES have arrived at the cabin. They approach, storm the building. No one there.

They look around at this small but perfect abandoned home.

SOLDIER
Jesus Christ.

64

EXT. THE HUT. FOREST OF POLAND. NIGHT/DAWN

64

ERIK and HANNA run on. They hear a distant roar. They approach it.

They see a river ahead. A torrent of water.

ERIK

Think you can do it?

HANNA nods.

In they wade. It's fast. HANNA and ERIK struggle against the current. He slips, she grabs him, they wade on, they swim, against the flow, pure strength, eye to eye, they almost go under, they grab at a branch, the water tears past them...

They haul themselves up. Spewing water. Dragging themselves up the bank.

Then they hear the noise.

They dash back into the trees as a helicopter swoops overhead.

65

INT. HELICOPTER. CONT.

65

But the pilot has seen them. He speaks into his radio.

PILOT

I have eyeball. 52,13.76, North.
23.25.75 East. Heading south west.

66

INT. PARIS CIA STATION. NIGHT

66

In a secret comms room of CIA COVERT OPS PARIS, MARISSA WIEGLER watches a live feed of the hunt through the forest.

67

EXT. POLISH FOREST. NIGHT/DAWN.

67

ERIK and HANNA are running. Soaked to the skin, breath visible in the frozen air.

ERIK

Keep going.

HANNA listens, gestures to ERIK.

He looks.

Far away in the trees, running, a figure just visible in the half-light.

A SOLDIER in the trees. Camouflage gear. Armed.

They duck down.

CUT TO the soldier's POV. Infra-red vision in the dawn. Armed with a rifle. He approaches, he can hear something.

He radios in.

SOLDIER

This is Werber. I'm twenty due West of the river. I think I might have them.

He stands looking into the trees. No sign of them.

VOICE ON RADIO

Ok backup on its way. Kill the adult male on sight. The girl we want alive.

SOLDIER

Copy that.

He listens, looks into the night.

Then he turns fast.

ERIK HELLER is standing right in front of him, staring straight at him.

The SOLDIER raises his gun. About to shoot.

Then suddenly a hand come from beneath the leaves under his feet, right under him. It is HANNA, buried in leaves, she pulls his ankle, whipping it from under him. The SOLDIER falls, ERIK approaches, the SOLDIER goes for his hand-gun to shoot him, but HANNA is too quick, she takes the knife and whips it across his neck. He falls to the ground. Blood pours from his neck.

He stares at her in dying horror.

HANNA stares at him. Her first kill. She breathes hard. Looks into his dying eyes. Just like the deer.

The body slumps.

HANNA stares at ERIK.

ERIK

You had no choice.

HANNA nods. The radio crackles.

RADIO

Werber confirm your status. Please confirm. Back up on its way.

ERIK grabs the radio and the gun.

ERIK
Let's go.

68

EXT. POLISH FOREST. DAWN.

68

They are running on. The dogs are in the distance.

Then they hear a roar. A helicopter right above them. And quad bikes approaching through the trees. The radio crackles.

RADIO
Footprints heading south. Surround
quadrant G247.

HANNA looks round, she can feel the soldiers moving round them.

HANNA
They're too close. They're all
round us.

ERIK
Keep going.

HANNA
No. We have to split the scent. I
can make them follow me.

ERIK
NO.

HANNA
Yes.

ERIK
I'm not leaving you.

HANNA
You heard the radio. Me they want.
You they'll kill.

He stares at her. Knows she's right.

HANNA (CONT'D)
I told you. I'm ready.

ERIK
I didn't want it to be like this.

HANNA
It's our only chance.

He nods.

ERIK

Send a letter to the address I have
you. Peter Olsen. Let me know
you're safe.

She nods. They've discussed this before.

ERIK (CONT'D)

You know where we meet?

HANNA

Berlin. 124. Heine Strasse.

ERIK

Be there in two weeks. Come every
day at noon.

She nods.

ERIK (CONT'D)

If anyone asks you where you
live...

HANNA

I live In Leipzig. I go to the
Klaus Kohle Gymnasium. It's a very
good school. I have a dog called
Bruno that shits on the carpet.

She smiles at him. They hug. Intense, deep love.

But the noise is increasing.

ERIK

And Marissa Wiegler...

HANNA

I know. Don't trust her. She lies.
Go.

ERIK cuts back, dashes into the trees. Disappears.

HANNA stands alone.

She stares at the trees.

She takes Werber's radio, raises the volume.

RADIO

Werber, can you hear me? Copy.

Then she sits down, covers her face with dirt. Stares at the
radio.

69

EXT. POLISH FOREST. DAWN.

69

The special ops have found the body of Werber. They stare at his neck, congealed with blood.

SPECIAL

Man down. We have a man down.

Then he hears on his radio.

HANNA (ON RADIO)

Help. Help.

70

EXT. NORTH POLISH FOREST. NIGHT.

70

The special ops tear through the forest. They have a GPS location on the radio of Werber, the dead soldier.

The special forces get closer. They approach. Silence in the forest. Just the breathing of men in the icy cold.

Then they see her.

A lone figure, a girl, sitting by a tree, shaking in terror. She holds the radio.

HANNA.

She is crying. Holding the SOLDIER's radio. An innocent girl lost in a nightmare.

They surround her. Guns on her.

71

EXT. THE RIVER. POLISH FOREST.

71

ERIK reaches the river. He jumps in and starts to let the current take him downstream.

He disappears over a small waterfall and away out of sight, the hurl of water and spray hiding him from our view...

Until he is no longer there.

72

EXT. POLISH FOREST. DAWN.

72

The SOLDIERS surround HANNA. HANNA is shaking, like a young girl, lost, a victim of years of abuse. Or so it seems.

HANNA

He killed him.

She lets go and the radio falls to the earth.

The SPECIAL OPS stare at each other. They get on the radio.

HEAD OF OPS
 Sir? Heller's killed one of my men.
 I think he got away. But I have the
 girl. Yeah he left her here. She's
 in a bad way.

He stares at her. Takes out a camera, films her in tears.

HEAD OF OPS (CONT'D)
 What's your name kid?

HANNA
 Hanna.

HEAD OF OPS
 Where did your father go?

HANNA, shaking points in the absolute opposite direction to
 the direction Erik left.

HANNA
 He said I was too slow.

HEAD OF OPS
 It's OK Hanna. It's OK. You're safe
 now. You're safe with us.

He gently hugs her. In his arms we focus in on HANNA's face.

73 INT. WIEGLER'S OFFICE. CIA EUROPEAN OPERATIONAL HQ. DAY. 73

MARISSA WIEGLER sits opposite CHUCK MEISNER in her office -
 European Director of Covert Operations. MARISSA is looking at
 the film of HANNA taken by the CIA. Her face. Her tear-
 stained face.

MEISNER
 We didn't clear this with Polish
 authorities. We need to get her out
 of there fast.

MARISSA
 Camp G's still open?

MEISNER
 Unofficially yes.

MARISSA
 Take the girl there. Log her in as
 a terror suspect. Monitor all the
 Polish borders. Operate a shoot on
 sight policy on Heller. I want him
 taken down. No noise.

MEISNER eyes her with some concern.

MARISSA (CONT'D)
You have a problem with that?

MEISNER
No.

MARISSA
And Meisner. If anyone asks, that
girl does not exist.

She stares once more at the innocent face of HANNA.

74

EXT. POLISH FOREST. DAWN.

74

In the forest HANNA is grabbed, and moved fast towards a
waiting helicopter by the Special Ops Team.

The helicopter rises up above the forest.

HANNA looks down at the endless trees.

And at the horizon ahead.

She is leaving the forest, the only place she has ever known.

Heading into the unknown.

Alone.

Into the future.

END